

In Sickness and in Health

by persephoneapple

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Summary: Harry just wants a kiss from his boyfriend. Is that too much to ask? Harry/Draco [AO3 tags: Kissing, Eskimo Kisses, Draco is Sick, Fluff, Romance, Established Relationship]

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>HarryDraco [PG, 541 words]**

>Disclaimer: JK Rowling and co own everything. I'm writing for fun and not for profit.

>AN: Unbeta'd and transferred from my other account. Pure fluff.**

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><p>In Sickness and in Health<p>

"Come on, Draco. All I'm asking is for one kiss before I leave to go have dinner with the Weasleys," Harry says, pulling on the duvet. His boyfriend is currently huddled in the middle of their bed, underneath several duvets and what he suspects is an old Weasley jumper. Not that he would dare accuse Draco of wearing one in case he is wrong. But in Harry's defense, those jumpers are extremely warm.

"No," a muffled voice says. "I'm dying, Potter."

"You're not dying, Draco. You're sick," Harry says, running a hand through his hair. He knows that there are some people who considered Draco high-maintenance, and normally they'd be wrong, but nothing was certain when Draco was sick. A Sick Draco was a Moody Draco. (And, to be honest, a bit dramatic.)

With one glance at his wristwatch that tells him he won't be late if

he stays a bit longer, Harry sits down on the bed and says, "If you let me, I'll promise to kiss it better."

"Please. The last time someone told me that, I was thirteen and Pansy wanted an excuse to get her first kiss." He shivers and Harry doesn't know if it's from the memory or the fact that Draco is cold. He casts a Heating charm just in case.

"With me it's not a promise, it's a guarantee," Harry says and he smiles when Draco let's out an amused guffaw.

"You won't give up, will you, Potter?"

"Of course not. You should know that by now." Harry never leaves a place without making sure that his friends and family knew that he loved them, either with simple gestures or words. He'd lost too many people in the war and had regrets about never telling them how he felt.

"Though I doubt your ability to defy death will cure my sickness, you may kiss my cheek. But not my hair," Draco hastens to add, "Or my lips." He slowly pulls down the duvets to just below his chin and stares at Harry. His hair is mussed and his face is lightly drenched in sweat, and every once in a while he shivers. If not for the pile of tissues that fill the trash bin and the Pepper-Up potion bottles that line the nightstand, one could hardly tell that Draco was sick.

"No promises," Harry murmurs.

"Then I hope I sneeze in your face," Draco mutters, but his grey eyes betray his annoyance as he watches Harry walk around the bed and settle down beside him.

"None of that," Harry says, making himself comfortable as he props himself up on one elbow. He reaches over and plumps a pillow for Draco, placing it under his boyfriend's head. "Better?"

Draco doesn't say anything, but nods and closes his eyes when Harry brushes back his fringe and leans down so that their lips are nearly touching. "I love you," Harry says, letting their noses brush against each other several times.

"Stay safe," Harry whispers, stealing a quick kiss on Draco's lips. He Disapparates before Draco can open his eyes and ask for an explanation.

That wasn't so bad, Draco thinks, rubbing his nose. _Looks like Pansy still holds the top spot for worst kiss I've ever received._

End
file.